THE NEW SONG OF POOR JACK

Compoſed by DIBDIN.

126
14684.-10.
Royal Academy of Music Library

ALLEGRETTO

Go Patter to lubbers and ſwabs do ye ſee 'Bout danger and fear and the like, A tight water Boat and good Sea room give me, And 'ten't to a little I'll ſtrike; Though the tempeſt top gallant maſts ſmack ſmooth ſhould ſmite, And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood, And ſhiver each ſplinter of wood: Clear the Deck, ſtow the Yards, and bouze every thing tight, And under reef'd foreſail we'll ſcud: A - vaſt, nor don't think me a Milk ſop ſo ſoft to be taken for trifles aback, For they ſay there's a providence fits up aloft, they ſay there's a providence fits up a loft To keep watch for the life of Poor JACK.

2

Why I heard the good Chaplain palaver one day
About Souls, Heaven — Mercy! and ſuch,
And my timbers what lingo he'd coil and belay
Why 'twas juſt all as one as high dutch:
But he ſaid how a Sparrow can't founder, d'ye ſee,
Without orders that come down below,
And many fine things that proved clearly to me
That providence takes us in tow,
For ſays he-do you mind me, let Storms e'er ſo oft
Take the top lifts of Sailors aback,
There's a ſweet little Cherub ſits perched up aloft
To keep watch for the life of— POOR JACK.

3

I ſaid to our Poll, for you ſee ſhe would cry,
When laſt we weighed Anchor for Sea:
What argufies ſnivling and piping your Eye—
Why what a damned fool you muſt be!
Can't you ſee the World's wide and there's room for us all,
Both for Seamen and lubbers aſhore?
And if to old Davy I ſhould go, friend Poll,
Why you never will hear of me more.
What then! all's a hazzard, come, don't be ſo ſoft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye ſee, there's a Cherub ſits ſmiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of — POOR JACK.

4

D'ye mind me, a Sailor ſhould be every Inch
All as one as a piece of the Ship,
And with her brave the World without offering to flinch
From the moment the Anchor's a trip:
As to me, in all weathers, all times ſides and ends
Nought's a trouble from duty that ſprings —
My Heart is my Poll's, and my Rhino my friends,
And as for my life, 'tis the Kings.
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me ſo ſoft
As with grief to be taken aback —
That ſame little Cherub that ſits up aloft
Will look out a good birth for— POOR JACK.

For the GUITAR & FLUTE.

Royal Academy of Music Library

12 for.

When first this hum-ble

Mr Spencer

I knew, with va-rious Cares I strove, my Grain was scarce, my Sheep was few, my

of Life was Love;

By mu-tual Toil our

for.

p.

was dress'd the Spring our Drink be-stow'd; but when her Lip the brim had press'd the

n with Nec-tar flow'd — with Nec-tar flow'd.

2d Verse

Content and Peace the dwelling shar'd,
No other Guest came nigh,
In them was giv'n (tho Gold was spar'd)
What Gold could never buy.
No Value has a splendid Lot;

English 45.